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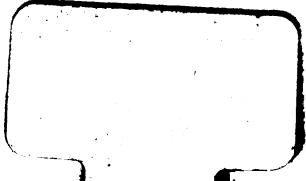
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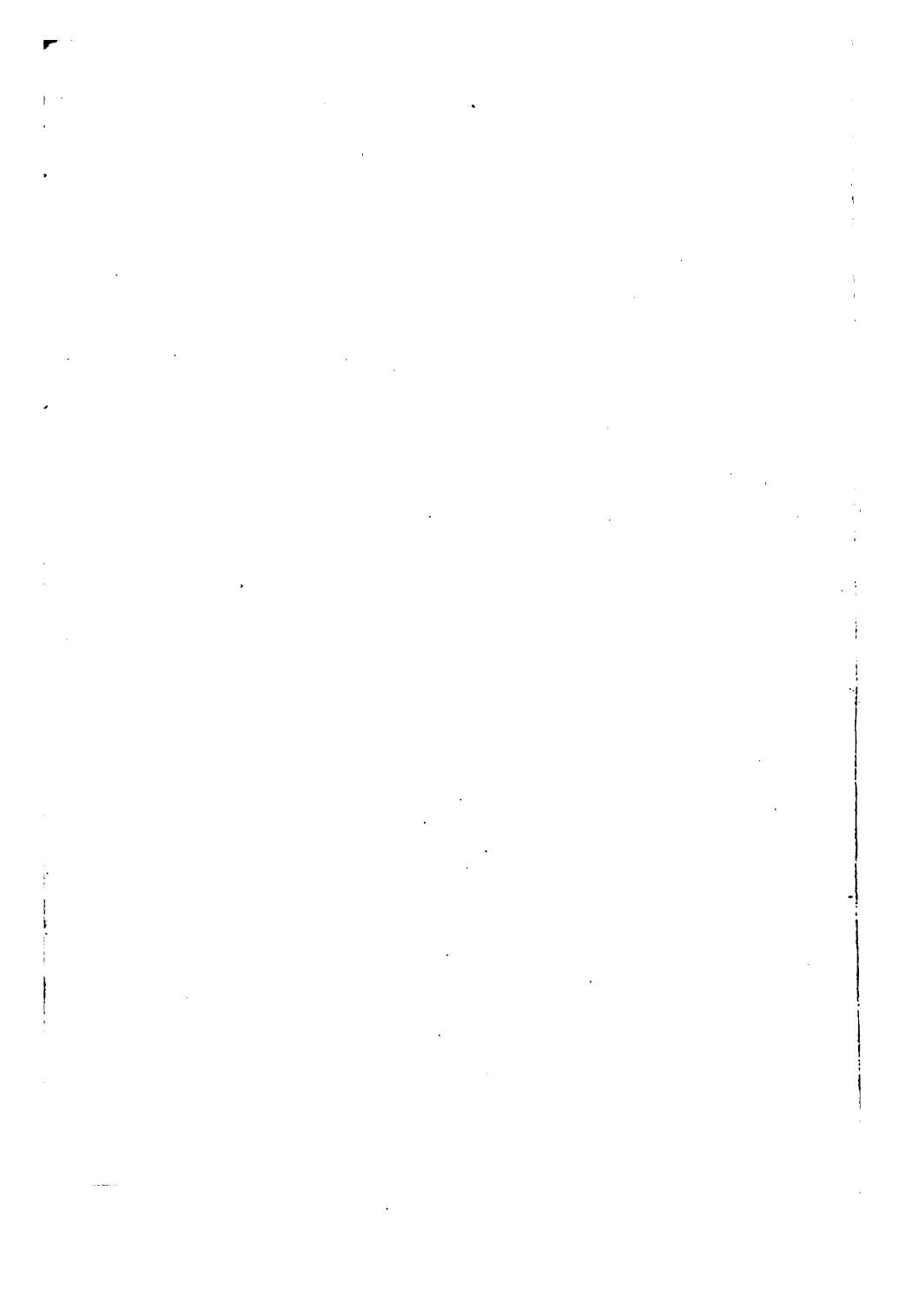
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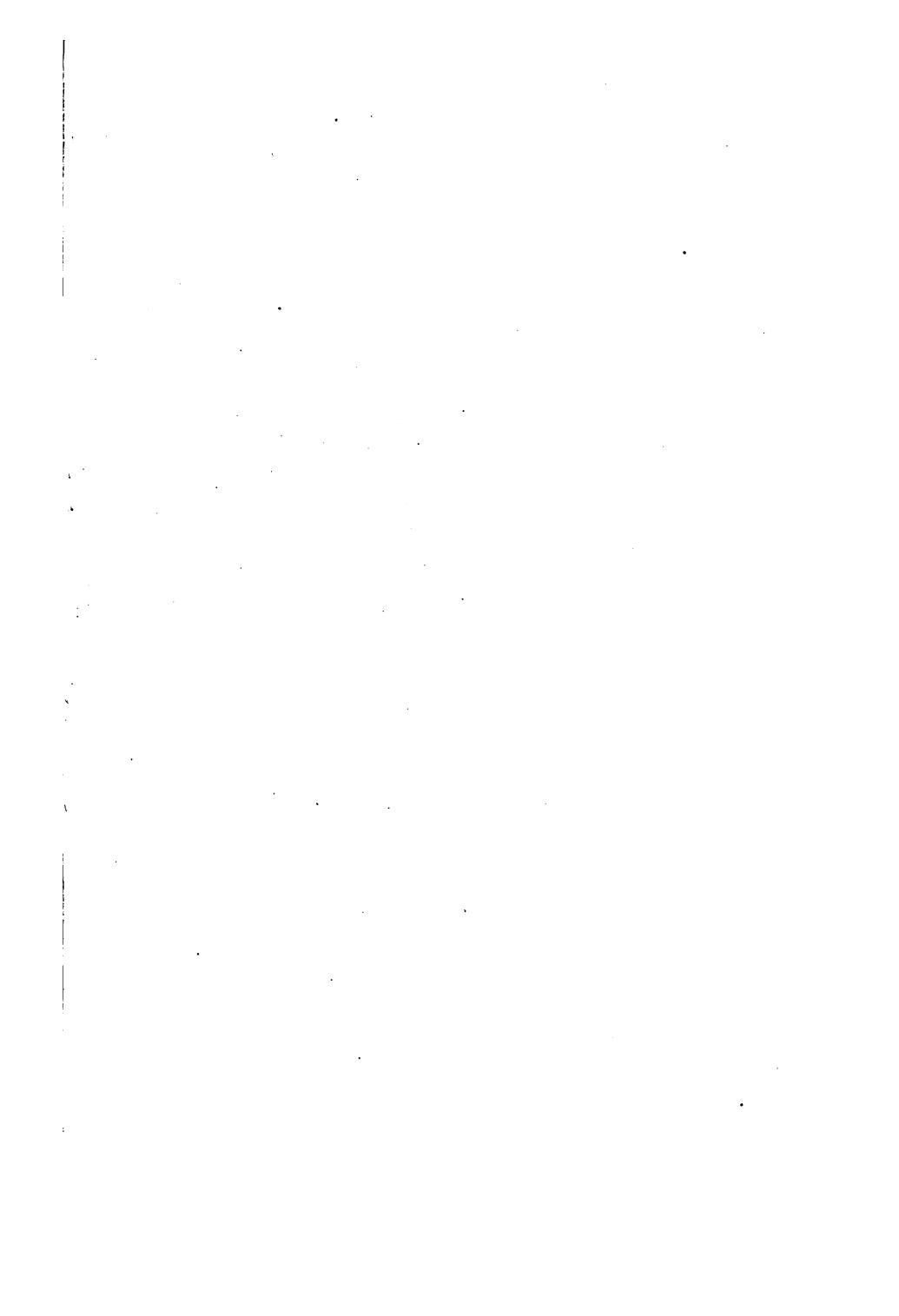


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THE GARDEN OF GRAY LEDGE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

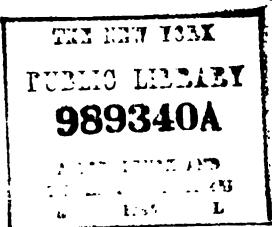
CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS HAZLEWOOD

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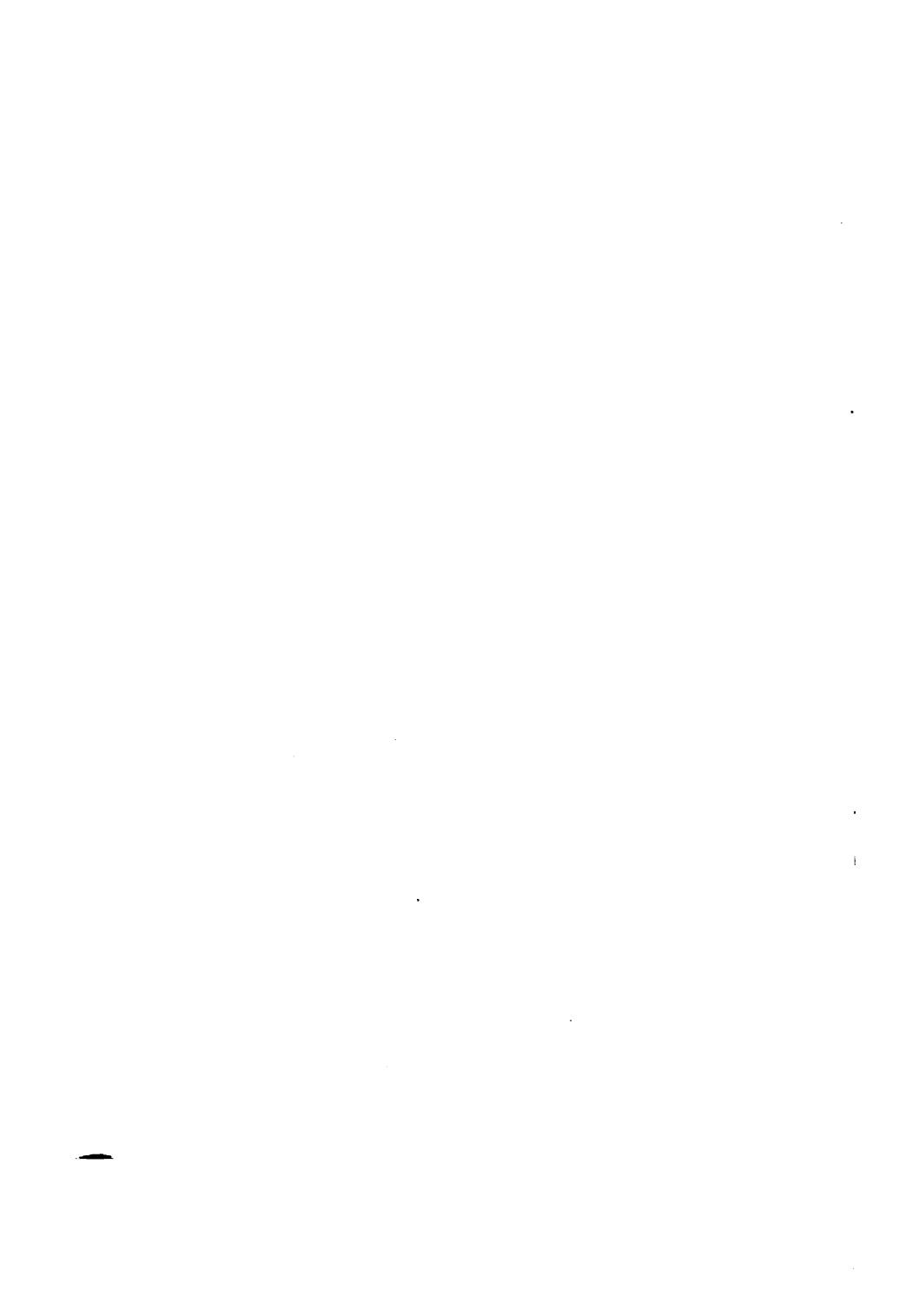
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IN REVERENT MEMORY
OF
CHARLOTTE W. CALLENDER HAZLEWOOD
AND
FRANCIS T. HAZLEWOOD

My mother, the sound of whose sweet voice repeating poetry lingers with me, and who tenderly cherished her little daughter's first rhymes.

My father, whose encouragement, sympathetic interest and suggestive thought have been the inspiration of much that is gathered here.

JNR 19 FEB '36



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of *The Book News Monthly*, *The
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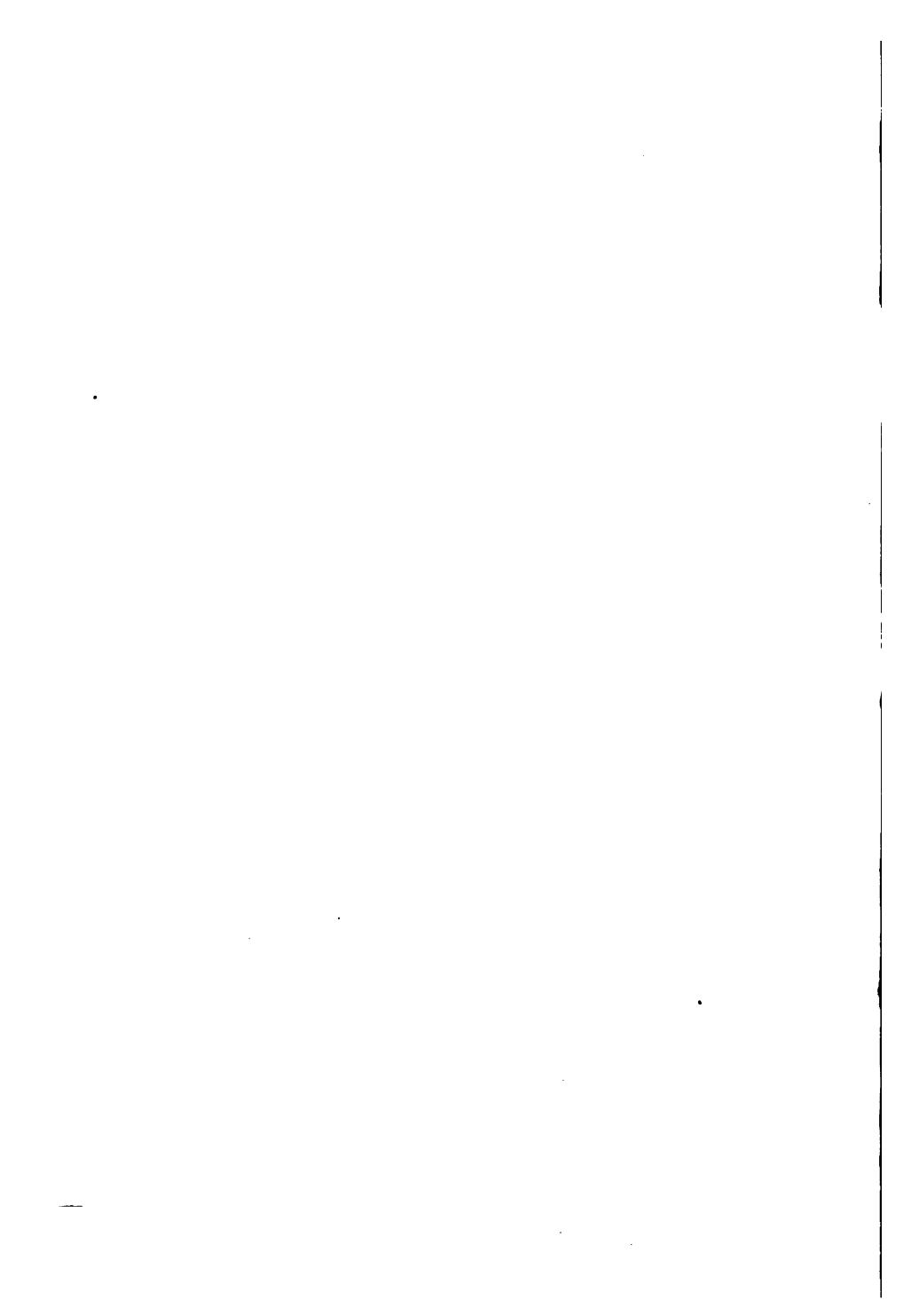


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CANERE LICET

As sings the ocean his uncounted lays,
In myriad caves, through lonely water ways,
 On desert strands resounding,
Where in the depths of solitude profound,
No soul doth ever listen for the sound
 Of melody abounding,

So sing thy songs; nor wait for men to raise
Their voice for thee, in loud acclaim of praise,
 In song of thine rejoicing.
The ocean poureth out his very soul
Because he must; for far beyond control
 The melodies he is voicing.

If then from known, or unknown, source arise
Sweet songs, in thoughtful mood thy soul sur-
 prise,
And sound thy spirit's lyre,
The sweetness of those fragrant songs record;
Though there be none to listen and applaud,
 Thy soul will grace acquire.

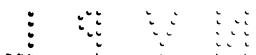


2 The Garden of Gray Ledge

MY GARDEN

My garden! O! had I the words to tell
The beauties that within my garden dwell!
Here nature hath that little touch of art
That seemeth but of Nature's self a part.
Here gray rocks lie, and oft outcropping rise
Amid the green, and here and there surprise,
Both restful to the eye and body too,
In open space, and nooks curtained from view
By shadows light, that fall from fairest trees,
Through which persuasively the summer breeze
Awakens oft the sweetest melodies.

My garden! Here unnumbered blossoms live,
And to the soul their sweetness daily give,
Each day some undiscovered beauty show
To one who would in full their secrets know.
Here all unharmed the untamed daisies grow,
Border wild beds and in their own time blow.
Secluded their white lashes they unfold
To greet the sun with brightest eye of gold.
Here ferns in place blest by beloved shade,
A fragrant, cool, soft, restful bed have made.
Wild roses open on their natal day,
And flee not in their bashfulness away,
Though close by them the cultivated rose,
In month of June, its beauty doth disclose;
And lingering late through the summer, may
An opening bud show e'en on autumn's day.



Wild violets in winsome time of spring
To this fair paradise their beauties bring;
Now here, now there, they hide with spirit shy,
Uncounted mid the sheltering green they lie.

Here moths and butterflies find safe retreat,
Their wondrous transformation day to meet,
When leaving their chrysalides they rise
On wings untried, and flutter toward the skies.
Here rich is insect life in many forms,
Whose comradeship and dazzling beauty warms
The heart that watchfully their treasures
seeks,
And in appreciation often speaks.
Here birds, the springtime's poets, woo
Their mates, the garden's beauties loving too.

Now here now there, in frames of living green
The fairest nature pictures may be seen;
As one from off the garden's lofty crown
May on the distant canvas oft look down.
Fair woodlands, hillsides and bright waters
blend
With islands, harbors, city's homes, and lend
Charm indescribable to this retreat.
One would go many miles its like to meet.

The garden's velvet carpet hath a sheen
Most fit for royalty, of living green,
Which softly yielding to my wandering feet

4 **The Garden of Gray Ledge**

Responsively, with welcome seems to meet
The footstep's pressure that in joyousness
No harm would bring, but only soft caress.
Above my head through endless arch of sky
The fleecy clouds majestic sweeping by,
My cares are taking with them as they fly.
And all the garden, soulful, gently broods,
Watchful to catch the spirit of my moods.
It to my soul the truest friendship gives
That ever in most generous nature lives.

At eve the garden is so full of rest,
It alway doth to weary soul suggest,
The laying off the burden of its care
Reposefully without disturbance there.
Full many blossoms drop their lids and close;
And e'en the green leaves sometimes fold and
doze.

The poet bird in whispers to his mate
Singeth in joy; and breezes rising late
The vigor of the full-fledged day forsake;
And gentle strains from trees attunèd wake.
Cicadae and the cricket choristers
With springing song incessant, that avers
Their right to silence of the sweet night time,
Exultant, ease their hearts with rampant rhyme.
And stars on high send down the light of love
From heaven's windows opened far above.
Of all blest hours in this beloved retreat,
Perchance the eventide may be most sweet.

My garden! Shall I e'er have power to sing
A song that will to thee just tribute bring?
Though rhyme may fail thy beauties to descry,
Within my heart enshrined they surely lie!

THE PULSE OF SPRING

WITHIN my garden-close to be in May,
To see what long seemed dead Spring's touch
obey;
To feel within the sweet bewilderment
That comes from opening buds' delicious scent,
Where apple trees down drop their pink tipped
pearls,
And ferns unfold at ease their graceful curls;
To hear the tireless, questing, whizzing whirr
That comes from newly wakened insects' stir;
To watch on distant hills the trees first blush
Then change to calmer green; to hear the
thrush,
A mossy carpet underneath my feet
And friendly trees to guard my dear retreat;
To feel the tenderness of Spring's caress
And be for blessed hours laborless,
And free to drink within my being's whole
The songs that come from Spring's immortal
soul;
This is to feel the beat of Nature's heart,
And know that God is not so far apart.

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THE FLEUR DE LIS

THE fleur de lis this morn hath opened wide
 Her purple petals in my garden bed.
Amid their curves some tiny rain drops hide,
 The kisses of the passing storm, that said
His love vows to the regal bloom of France
 To quench her thirst, by her sweet fragrance
 led
To curb awhile the fury of his lance,
 Ere with its lightning thrust his rage he fed.

In her arched cloisters, golden fringes lace.
 The pollen-dusted bee the chrism seeks,
Unbridled, fluttering with careless grace,
 A symbol to the beauty loving Greeks
Of poets, who thus cull all nature's sweets.
 Oh, bloom tripartite, triune fleur de lis,
Thy form divided yet united, meets
 My need, thou symbol of the Trinity!

INSPIRATION

O THAT some sweet, unconscious trace
 Of dear Greek poets, old and great,
Might live through me and my verse grace,
 From the dead past reincarnate!
Some beauteous measure, some thought's turn,
 To sweep my own poor work away,
And through my lips expression burn,
 Forevermore to hold full sway!

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE BIRDS

THERE liveth a legend by Indians told,
When the leaves are turning to scarlet and gold,
With a beauty that always entrances.

Let me tell with the choice of a poet's words,
The old Indian tale of the source of the birds,
Which the charm of the autumn enhances.

Long ages ago when the earth was young,
Ere poets so many her beauties had sung,
Among the numerous nations,
The Great Spirit went over the innocent earth ;
And at tread of His feet the flowers had birth,
And trees formed shady stations.

All summer the trees in their robes of bright
green
Sang to the breeze, as he flitted between,
Gently kissing their faces,
Each swaying and rustling its beautiful dress,
With never a thought that future distress
Might steal all the charm of their graces.

One day as he passed, did the truth-telling wind
Leave whispers of woe and of wonder behind,
The innocent leaves befriending ;
For he said that from loved mother trees they
would fly ;
Fall to the ground; lie long and die,
When was the summer ending.

8 The Garden of Gray Ledge

Then sad were the leaves, when the message
they knew;
But the spirits within them more beautiful grew,
And illumined their upturned faces,
As they tried for the sake of the dear mother
trees
To show only the spirit constrainèd to please,
With none of their sorrow's traces.

And they all grew bright golden and scarlet
and brown,
Of the twigs loosed their hold, and fell flutter-
ing down,
 The call of the autumn obeying.
There lay they all quiet, unable to move,
Save when the wind his devotion would prove
 Among the fair leaves often straying.

Then patiently waited the leaves to die;
But the Great Spirit came from his realm on
high,
 Their wonderful beauty surveying.
He loved the bright leaves, and he wished them
 to live;
So power of flight, with bright wings he did
give
 To each leaf, its sweet spirit repaying.

Then at the Spirit's all powerful word,
Each little leaf became a bright bird,

The Garden of Gray Ledge 9

And fluttered on beautiful pinions.
So singing their songs of thanksgiving they
flew,
To cheer with their gladness the world's ways
anew,
Throughout the Great Spirit's dominions.

The yellow birds came from the leaves willows
shed;
The robins from oak leaves all brown and
bright red;
That on the dark branches close cluster.
Of quiet, brown leaves were the modest wrens
made;
And red birds from leaves that from maple
trees strayed,
Bright with an exquisite lustre.

So always the birds love the beautiful trees;
In their branches build nests, and are rocked
by the breeze,
As is to their origin fitting.
But away they all fly when the soft summer
ends,
For the touch of the frost their sweet spirit
offends;
And the leaves from the trees are fast flit-
ting.

THE WIND AND THE SEA

WHEN the whimsical Lyricist,
The wind, plays his harp, the sea, O, list!
 List to the songs set free!

He wakens many a gentle note,
Or sombre sounds that fearful float,
 In wild, weird melody.

Forever resourceful, he plays and plays,
Through countless nights and tireless days,
 With ceaseless energy.

And ever the rocks re-echo the sounds,
As against their strength he pounds and
 pounds,
 In spirit agony.

And sometimes on the shining beach,
Great throbs of passion inward reach,
 Sounding tumultuously;
And you almost seem to see the chords,
In the gleaming spray each wave affords,
 Bursting with melody.

Again upon the fair, white strand
Quiet currents lave the sand,—
 And soft the music must be—
Or gently sweep upon the rocks,
Without the sound of surging shocks,
 In tender reverie.

And ever and ever wind Lyricist,
Touching his harp, compels one to list
 To the songs of the sounding sea.
Yet plays he not for fleeting fame;
For where no listener ever came,
 He plays most generously.

And in uncounted ocean caves
No audience hears him when he raves,
 Howe'er so loud it be,
Save if the Oceanides
His sonorous songs might please,
 As they rise from the depths of the sea,

Or if some lonely fish, or bird,
Hath sound of sea-songs sometimes heard,
 Listening silently,
Compelled, as swimming through the main,
Or flying overhead, again
 To hark to his fantasy.

And from countless years to the end of time,
Soundeth ever the ocean's chime,
 As the wind sweeps over the sea.
No harpist ever had wider range,
Or a mightier harp the ocean strange,
 Than the wind with his mystical key.

THE GARDEN OF GRAY LEDGE

I know a fair, loved garden,
Where old-fashioned flowers grow,
From many a source there planted
By dear hands long ago.
And here and there outcropping
The gray rock's beautiful edge
Hath given to this rare, old garden
The fitting name, Gray Ledge.

And she who cherished the garden,
And tended the flowers there,
With her dear hands bestowing
The alway needed care,
Before she left its precincts,
And neared the unseen edge
Of the spirit world beyond us,
Hath chosen the name, Gray Ledge.

There are trees both foreign and native
To the soil of this garden fair;
Some brought on homeward journeys
With love were planted there,
As tokens of dear remembrance
Of joys of a by-gone time;
Some grew of themselves, and were cherished
With those of a distant clime.

Full many another rising
Rich in fruits and sheltering shade,

Of this haunt that baffles description
A garden of Eden have made.
The rear of this spot enchanted
The low-growing, wild woods edge,
And screen from the city's traffic
The garden of dear Gray Ledge.

From the spring's first snow-drop blossom
In March's cold, bleak day
Till the last chrysanthemum flower
In December hath faded away,
The numberless flowers blooming,
With faces that ever are new,
Give a charm to this dear, old garden
That is found in only a few.

If I tried to name all the flowers
That grow in this precinct fair
Your wondering ears would weary
With the names my song would bear.
There are roses, fragrant roses,
That revel in the month of June;
And all their dainty petals
To beauty's song attune.

There are daisies, bright-eyed daisies,
By the name of marguerite,
That in the cool September
Unfold in this safe retreat.
There is the fragrant iris,

14 The Garden of Gray Ledge

Fair France's fleur de lis,
That in its triune blossom
Symbols the Trinity.

There are the full peonies,
Pure white and deepening red,
That speak of sinless being
Through Christ's blood freely shed.
There is the tall, pink fox-glove,
That towers toward the sky,
And seems to be ever striving
To attain the good on high.

There is the bell-flower ringing
From cups, some white, some blue,
Forever voicelessly calling
The faint ones to conquests anew;
And many a wondrous blossom,
That comes from a dull, brown thing,
And sings of the resurrection,
Each time it blooms in spring.

There grow the faithful blossoms
Of the blue forget-me-not,
The ever mindful pansy,
Contented with its lot;
The delicate, fine, green fringes
Of the cosmos, pink and white,
And the marigold's cheerful faces,
Glowing with golden light.

There are lilacs, pure white lilacs,
And lightly purple tinged,
The blushing, flowering-almond,
And forsythia, yellow fringed,
The deutzia, pink and graceful,
And shrubs of shimmering white,
That gleam in springtime's moonlight
With an indescribable light.

Ferns grow in rich profusion
And give soft fragrance there,
The firmly fronded, tall ones,
And delicate maiden-hair,
That by its very frailty
Tells of God's promise true,
How daily, as thy need requireth,
He will thy strength renew.

There grow the humble myrtle,
And Star of Bethlehem
That speaks of men's need of a Savior
And His lowly birth among them.
Unfold here the columbine purple,
And stately hollyhock
To whose gaily tinted blossoms
The insects love to flock.

There is many another plant-growth,
Sown with loving heed,
Or springing up in freedom

From far wind-wafted seed.
All these in the Gray Ledge garden
In rare abundance lie;
And all the powers of a poet
To describe them fitly defy.

The fruits in their season ripening,
From the ruddy cherry in June,
Till the golden quince grows mellow
Beneath the November moon,
Bespeak the bountiful forethought
Of a provident love on high,
That all in abundance supplieth,
Man's need to satisfy.

There hang the red and white currants,
Full packed on bending stem,
And the large, dark, luscious gooseberries,
That ripen in time with them.
The grapes, both purple and white faced,
On stems that groan with their weight;
The clustering, wild-growing barberries,
That reddens when the fall is late.

The brightly blushing apple,
A solace for winter's neglect,
And the numberless honey-sweet plum fruits,
That command the bee's respect,
The exquisite sun-kissed peaches,
And late frost-mellowing pears,

Each thrive in this fruitful garden,
And flavor of the charm it bears.

If I told you not of the pictures,
That one sees from this fair retreat,
My song of its rare attractions
Would be all too incomplete ;
For the beauteous Gray Ledge garden
Is situate on a hill ;
And one way looking downward,
Your eyes with the sea-view you fill.

The tuneful waters of the harbor
Respond to the varying notes
Of the changeful sky above them,
As they carry the passing boats ;
While up from the city beside them
The sounds of toil arise,
'Mid the vapors of industry's incense
In oblation unto the skies.

And away in the other direction
From the thickly wooded hills,
The song of summer music
Your heart with rapture fills ;
Or the moan of winter storm-winds
Bespeak the fruitful pain
That, blest by a provident purpose,
Brings birth of eternal gain.

All nature sings in this garden,
In a thousand wonderful ways ;

From the myriad insects playing
Their wing-harps in dainty lays,
To the delicate leaves that flutter,
Attuned by the gentle breeze,
And the pretty bell-shaped blossoms
That seem to chime with these.

And the birds in the spring returning
From their winter haunts afar,
Seem to leave by melodious singing
The gates of Eden ajar,
As amid the topmost branches
Of the ever protecting trees,
They are loving, wooing and nesting
Rocked by the gentle breeze.

At morn the flowers opening
Sing of a toil that is blest,
With love in their eyes responding
To the cheering sun's behest.
At eve the blossoms folded
Sing of a sleep of rest,
Of toil successfully ended
Of the wanderer returned from his quest.

And every time you see it,
This garden hath a song,
Some notes either wild or restful,
That its harmonies prolong.
In all the moods and changes

Of sunlight or of storm,
This garden murmuring music
Your listening ear will warm.

When the winter winds are blowing,
And the blossoms all have fled,
Still sings the Gray Ledge garden,
And often it hath said,
That chilling winds may force us
Out from apparent defeat;
That discipline always is needed
Our characters to complete.

When the white, snow-mantle foldeth
The garden like a shroud,
And every snow-wrapped tree-branch
In heaviness is bowed,
A song the garden singeth
Of the life that sleepeth below,
To awake at the sound of spring's voice
When the gentle zephyrs blow.

O deep is the winter song-note
Of the empty garden white;
But its clearly resounding music
Maketh a sad heart bright,
As it sings how the dear ones passing
Away to the unseen shore,
Are not dead, but in God's own keeping
To awaken for evermore.

Thus sings the Gray Ledge garden
To one with attentive ear.
And He who hath given this garden
Its melody year by year,
Giveth us the power to find Him
In all of beauty that grows;
For He alone in the universe
The secrets of being knows.

NOVEMBER

COMES November, yet so gentle
Is the touch of autumn's breath,
That late asters still long linger
Ere they ripen for their death.

And the leaves their flight delaying
Loosen not their natal clasp;
For not yet with urgent wooing
Autumn winds their secrets grasp.

Here and there on bending branches
Hang the barberries richly red;
And the sunshine of chrysanthemums
Gleams from many a flower-bed.

May the autumn of our lifetime
Be as gentle in its touch!
May the sunshine softly falling
Bring us days as these just such!

THE NASTURTIUM

THE flower that hath most joyance,
Most blest with chivalrous cheer,
Is not the loved rose growing
Sweet fragrance year by year;
It is an humbler blossom
With a fragrance all his own,
Spicy and aromatic;
Most widely is he known.

It is the glad nasturtium,
With happiest sun-kissed face,
That protected by his green umbrellas,
Lends a charm to his every place.
Sweet is his spirit's essence,
Subtle, pervading the air,
From an hundred glowing faces,
Ruddy and fringed-lipped there.

Never a blossom hath he
Of any shade of blue;
Always the most cheerful colors
Of the sun and the sun-set too.
Yea, the happiest, sunniest flower
Of all in my garden close,
Is the bright nasturtium blossom,
That little attention knows.

Rambling in the wildness of freedom
Over rocks and banks grows he,

Of all the beautiful blossoms
Most glad and sunny to see.
He covers the ugly places
With the ruddy hue of his smile,
And makes them when he is present,
Bright beds of sunshine the while.

The velvety glow of his petals
Is soft as the finest fleece;
And the hue of their ruddy color
Is of the sunset a piece;
He answers the sun in the morning
With a face that is full of glee,
And serves the questing insect
With a draught of honey all free.

He has friends in countless numbers,
He is loved by the bee and the moth;
For he to distribute his blessings
Is never stingy or loth.
Ask the bee, if the honey flowing
Be not delicious to his taste,
In that narrow golden goblet
To which he soon will haste.

Ask the humming bird so dainty,
If he love not the blossom bright,
Since even on a bloom plucked, resting
In my hand, he once deigned to alight.
Yea of all the blossoms the brightest,

Most humbly, generously sweet,
Is the fragrant nasturtium flower,
For the garden of royalty meet.

READINESS FOR SONG

THE little songs are singing,
Singing in the air,
'Mid the tree-tops, grasses, flowers,
Music everywhere.

Let the lute be ready,
Ready to catch each strain;
For the little songs now singing
Never may sing again.

EXPLANATIONS OF LOVE

Ask the rose how it grows.
Ask the violet shy
To tell the reason why
It doth in deep seclusion lie.
Ask the lily white,
Whence comes its beautiful light.
Ask the vine to define
The stealthy odor of the grape.
Ask the clouds whence comes their shape.
Ask the sun how it doth run,
A race that's never done.
Each a law its own obeys;
Perchance they may explain love's ways.

A TALE OF THE MINES

WHEN the comfort you are feeling,
Of the warmth that softly stealing,
From your furnaces well tended,
Keeps from you the winter fended,
Think with gratitude of miners,
For so much of life resigners
From the sight of sunbeams cheering,
And eternal midnight nearing,
Riven now and then by light gleams
Futile, far surpassed by bright beams
You need only in night's veiling,
When the light of sun is failing.

Many are the woes dismaying,
They oft suffer toil obeying.
Many are the pangs afrighting,
On their loved ones oft alighting;
For each miner is uncertain
Whether e'er for him the curtain
Lifts again, when he descending
Is earth's vitals bravely rending,
Knowing well that some one's blunder
May forever shut him under;
And his loved ones know that ever
From their sight one day may sever.

In a little cottage lying
Near the mines and age defying,

Dwelt old Hester, friend of many,
And no enemy of any.
Wise was Hester, as a sage is;
She had lived for many ages,
In the miner's estimation
Blest with clearest penetration.
She had suffered many sorrows,
And had seen full many morrows
Pass since her great day of anguish;
For she was not one to languish.

Day had she of sorest trial,
Day that brought to her denial
Of the hope most dear to maiden,
In the day of youth love-laden.
On the day before her wedding,
Came explosion, lives embedding
In the mine's most deep recesses,
Bringing to their loved distresses
Such that many years of healing
Still would leave them soreness feeling.
Those left loved ones grew and vanished;
But old Hester staid unbanished.

Might she still have had a lover
Of the many used to hover
About Hester, when a maiden,
For her firmness sorrow-laden;
For young Hester had great beauty;
And the young men thought their duty

Lay in her alone selecting,
For their manhood's sole protecting.
But for all their boldest daring,
They found Hester never caring.
She would never have another,
Every other man her brother.

Ever lifted she life's burden
With a cheerful face, her guerdon
That the sad hearts each one blest her;
And the miners all addressed her
With respect with age increasing,
And a love that e'er unceasing
Kept its pace with their lives growing,
Kind, old Hester's real worth knowing.
Many miners grown indebted
To old Hester when cares fretted,
Would for her rights stand forever,
And desert her aged never!

Came one day a strange occurrence,
Trying miners' great endurance;
In some advance excavating,
They a passage antedating
All they had before discovered,
Wondering, with awe uncovered.
Hither they their way deflecting,
And no human form expecting,
Came upon a youth there lying,
Firm of flesh, and age defying,

Full of manly strength and vigor,
Only stiff with death's cold rigor.

Some strange gases' unknown action
Had prevented putrefaction.
Fair was he as if he living
To them was his life's tale giving.
Then the miners who had found him,
Startled gathered their mates round him.
In their arms they gently bore him
To the shaft. They would restore him,
After years of gloom, benighted,
To the land by sun was lighted;
That beneath the sunlight gleaming,
That might give him rest fit seeming.

Some one said: "Go hasten whither
Lives old Hester! Bring her hither!
Haply she might once have known him,
And the people used to own him."
Hester came, with face quiescent,
And a beauty evanescent
Lighted all the faithful creature's
Yellow, time-worn wrinkled features,
From her love's and sorrow's duel,
As the gleam from some rare jewel
Sometimes for a moment sighted,
When by bright beam rightly lighted.

Women gazed; and miners wondered
If they had not somehow blundered,

To old Hester in haste showing
New found one, her story knowing.
Then old Hester kneeled beside him;
And her form was nigh to hide him,
As with aged lips she pressed him,
And with words of love addressed him,
While the miners, heads uncovered,
Stood beside, and women hovered
Close to loved ones, fond, adoring,
God would spare them all imploring.

Then prayed Hester, hands upraising,
Eyes into the heavens gazing,
“Father in thy heavens seeing
All the woes of earthly being,
I do here with deepest feeling
Thank Thee for Thy gentle healing.
Thou dost now, to-day restoring
Him alone my soul adoring,
Loved with love that never faltered,
Give my loved to me unaltered,
Give him to mine aged vision,
After all the years’ elision.”

Then while women looked affrighted,
Angel of her death alighted.
Years on years he was delaying,
Will of God on high obeying.
Now her joy in death was heightened;

Heaven's life before her brightened;
And in love's last, fond prostration,
Her glad heart ceased its pulsation.
Miners buried both together,
Age and youth beneath the heather,
Youth and age at last united
In a troth so long was plighted.

SOUL SWEETNESS

THERE is a bloom that oft unnoticed grows,
Well hidden neathe the green of its retreat;
It naught of brightest, glowing color knows,
Yet fragrance hath, mysteriously sweet,
Stealthy, pervasive, with a charm its own.
Of all the sweets of flowers that have shape,
In woodlands, meads, or well-kept gardens
blown,
Hast smelled the subtle odor of the grape?

Such fragrance in so plain a blossom lies,
One breathing sweets from it doth wonder
much,
As to him comes this knowledge with surprise,
How fragrance rare should hide in blossom
such.
The sweetness of the soul may far exceed
The poor, frail body's beauty that shall fly,
Pervading hide the body's every need,
As flitting months and years of life go by.

MOON-RISE AT YORK BEACH

SHE heralded her coming with a light
That in a soft-tinged halo o'er the site,
Where she would from the deepest sea arise,
Shone out in crescent form athwart the skies ;
Then o'er the sombre sea her glance she swept,
And from the ocean's deepest depths she leapt;
Not as her lovèd poets have of old
Her beauties in their poems sweetly told,
She bore no blazoned imagery of gold,
Her undisputed majesty to hold;
Nor shone she with a palish silver light ;
But blushing, crimsoned with love's color bright,
She bloomed in full, the red, red rose of night !
Then as from earth her distance greater grew,
She less and less of love's deep passion knew ;
And changing to the purest gleaming gold,
She was her own restrainèd self of old.
Each wave that she had kissed, inrolling surged,
And from the darkness of its dross was purged,
Till o'er the turbulently sighing sea,
All writ in gleams of gold love seemed to be,
As if he still in hallowed thoughts of her
His constant adoration would aver.
But far above, in pale, fair, silver sheen,
Selene reigned, her unmoved self as queen.

THE WRECK OF THE SEA URCHIN

UPON the rocks at dawn
This Sabbath morn
Thou li'st with seams that yawn,
A storm tossed waif, forlorn,
Of glory shorn.

Oh sadly battered wreck,
With vanished deck,
And scattered spars that fleck
The promontory's neck,
Or sea-waves speck,

None saw thee driven back;
Heard thy beams crack;
Saw thy supports grow slack;
Beheld thee vainly tack,
Oh ocean's wrack!

In midnight dark alone,
To wild sea's tone
Thou gav'st responsive groan.
On rocks by night-waves cone
Thy parts were thrown.

The storm hath passed away.
The waves obey
The rest of Sabbath day.
By gentle swashings they
Their wrath allay.

Thou dost alone remain
To show the bane
Of mad, unbridled main,
Could not its wrath restrain,
Or self contain.

A wreck where waters lave,
Once on the wave
Save conduct gave,
Thyself thou couldst not save,
Oh boat most brave!

Not one didst thou send pale,
To dank sea-jail.
Of thee a sorry tale
Not one. Thou didst not fail
In any gale.

Oh joy of by-gone time,
Of summer clime,
No tale I tell in rhyme
In vain, no foolish mime,
Thou boat sublime!

The Mem'ry long shall last
Of gladsome past.
Beloved boat thou hast
An anchor here deep cast,
That holdeth fast.

**THE CALL OF THE GARDEN TO THE
CHILD**

It must be most vacation time
I think; because you know
The birdies and the butterflies
And flowers call me so.

It seems I just can't get my lessons;
I want to go and stay
Within my own dear garden,
Through all the pretty day!

SUMMER MEADOWS

THE daisies are smiling and nodding
A greeting to each little lass,
Who with patience is carefully plodding
Amid the tall, Timothy grass,
For the dainty, wild strawberries searching,
So ruddy and juicy and sweet,
On the tips of their sturdy stems perching,
To their finders a delicate treat.

The buttercups shining and yellow,
The sorrel with wild, tawny head,
By swaying a welcoming "Hello!"
Their gladdening greetings have said.
To the little ones precious the treasures
The meadows of summer will bring;
And only dear childhood thus measures
The worth of each wild, growing thing.

PUSSY WILLOWS

ONCE I had a kitty;
But she grew sick and died.
O she was so pretty!
And I cried and cried.

Then my auntie Linnet
Found a pretty box;
Put dear pussy in it,
And buried it near the phlox.

"There's a bush. I'll grow it
By your kitten's bed;
"And some pussies I know it
Will have by spring," she said.

So I watched and waited
Till the springtime came.
The pussies that grew there I hated;
They weren't at all the same.

They hadn't any noses
Or eyes and ears at all.
Not one had paws like Josie's;
They had no mouths to call.

I'd rather have a kitty,
Even if she'd scratch,
And wasn't one bit pretty,
That could the old rats catch!

TOKENS OF THE FAIRIES

WHO hath seen the dainty fairies,
Or hath visited their aeries?

In the fleecy clouds, low lying,
You can see their chariots flying,
Now by winds fantastic riven,
Then again majestic driven;
But themselves are always hiding,
Wrapt in mists their chariots riding.

Sometimes, in the white sea foaming,
'Neath the moon-light, in the gloaming,
You might think you saw their faces,
Or some faintly outlined traces;
But they vanish under cover,
Ere you can their forms discover.

You can see the fairies' laces
Where the spiders leave their traces.
These the fairies' spinners, working
Busily, and never shirking,
Make for them soft veils that glisten,
When the dew-drops fall and christen.

You can see them at day's dawning,
Ere the sun steals gems of morning.
When the rainbow's fairest shimmer,
Decks the sky, their ribbons glimmer,
Bands of brightest color seeming
Fairies' selves to point out gleaming.

In the cool, September valleys
Soft, gray mist at even dallies ;
This the fairies use for dresses,
Folding it with soft caresses.
Their sweet voices from their nooklets
You can hear in babbling brooklets.

In the echoes oft repeated,
Fairies, mid the woodlands seated,
Answer back in tones elastic
Many words of form fantastic,
You in fun may utter shouting,
Fairies' very being doubting.

You can hear their soft wings flutter,
When the trees their secrets utter,
Yielding to the wind's persuasion,
When he cometh in invasion.
Listen to the bell-flower ringing,
Fairies to a wedding bringing.

You can see their golden tresses,
Where the rose their sweets caresses,
And their fair, white wings all folded
In white rose buds softly molded.
You can breathe their spirit's sweetness,
In the rose at its completeness.

Winter fairies, their wings brushing,
Send the snow-flakes downward rushing.

On the window-panes oft lingers
Frosty mark of fairy fingers,
Where the fairies painting pictures
Leave them for a short time, fixtures.

You can see the fairies' lanterns,
Flit the fireflies 'mong the plantains,
Or from grass-top, then from daisy,
Hang their lanterns, bright, then hazy,
Gaily flying on their races,
Bringing light to many places.

If you look you may be able
Oft to find a fairy table,
In the dainty mushrooms growing,
Finger-marks of fairies showing,
Left from fairies' midnight revels,
In the moisty pasture levels.

All these signs of surest token
Song of mine hath just now spoken;
But no soul so keen of seeing
Hath been born or will have being,
As to spy a real, live fairy,
Or to find out where his aerie.

FIRE FLIES

HAVE you seen them on the laylands
When the moon is out of sight
Flitting, dancing, sparkling, flashing,
With delirious delight?

Little sunbeams that the fairies
 Stole from days so full of sun
No one ever, ever missed them
 Or found out what had been done.
Tiny wings the fairies gave them
 And the power to move in play;
So they flit and flash forever
 Lighting all the fairies' way.

TO SIR MUFFAROO

LITTLE man Muffaroo, nine months old,
Weekly we see your beauties unfold.
Pretty pet pussie with serious face,
Quaint, soft manner and artistic grace,
What will you be when to cathood you grow?
Just the same pussie we've loved and know?

Proud, pure pedigree you can boast;
Prize progenitors, goodly host,
Straight from Persia, a royal line,
Bred in England to cathood fine;
All that critics in cats require,
All their owners in pussies desire,

Yours by inheritance gained at birth,
Or taught you by one who knew their worth.
Quaint, little man with the musical purr,
And soft, subdued meow of demur,
When to the prime of full growth you attain,
Methinks all your breeding will not be in vain.

FAIRY BOATS

THE fairies are sailing their evening boats
In the beautiful moonlight sky;
And many a fairy onward floats
As the soft, little clouds go by.

No flutter of sail on the silent main,
Or sound of the dip of an oar,
Though fairies may sail again and again,
As they often have sailed of yore.

Whither go they in their boats of cloud
In the shimmering moonlight's glow,
Wrapt in the mists that so closely shroud,
Who of us mortals may know?

TO MY ANGORA CAT

Pretty puss, pretty puss, you've a feathery tail
And a famous pedigree rare.
You have tufts in your ears and tufts in your
toes,
And thick, long silvery hair.
There's a sheen on your fur. You've a long
neck ruff,
And a proud little high-bred air.

But could you, my pussie, my gleaming eyed
pet,
Catch a great, sly, thieving rat

As well as old Tommy of nameless birth,
My neighbor's battle-scarred cat?
Alas, my pussie! I love you well,
But I'll warrant you can't do that!

TO THE WIND

Oh wind! in music sighing.
Thou wild, weird rhapsodist!
On unseen pinions flying,
Who unrestrained wandering
The poet Nature's lays dost sing,
My present song assist,
Oh wondrous rhapsodist!

Thou wild, untaught musician,
Thou king of minstrelsy,
Defying definition,
Teach me this day that I rehearse,
In bidden and unhidden verse,
The ways bespeaking thee,
Oh king of minstrelsy!

Unseen, at birth surprising,
Thou lord of mystery!
And from thy death arising
To life, thou art beyond man's ken,
Who of thee knoweth only when
He heareth sound of thee,
Thou lord of mystery.

Far more than mere musician,
A mighty lyricist,
Thou bringest to fruition
The unknown songs in all the earth
That wait thy potent touch for birth;
In song of thine enlist
They then, Oh lyricist!

So canst thou minimize,
Oh changeful soloist!
Who dost so oft surprise,
Thy mighty blast that bringeth death
To softest note of audible breath,
That flowers ne'er resist
Thee, tender soloist.

The nodding bloom assenting,
To the bee, her winning lover,
Her heart in song contenting,
Through breath of thine her love hath
said,
As thou about her bashful head
With gentle breath dost hover,
Ministrant to her lover.

Beside the tideless river,
Oh wondrous necromancer!
The dead, brown rushes quiver,
Arise and melodious, shake and shiver
At thy breath, oh music-giver,

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Compellèd thus to answer
Thy voice, Oh necromancer!

Obedient, Oh singer!
Oh maker of music, Oh poet,
Oh wonderful witchery-bringer!

The leaves long lying dead will hustle,
Arise from their beds and tuneful rustle,
So mighty thy voice! They know it,
Oh maker of music, Oh poet!

Man thy breath is using,
Oh mighty music-lender!
Thine aid often choosing.

Findeth soul of thine a vent
Through many a songful instrument,
Attuned through passage slender
To thy breath, Oh music-lender!

Of music of the sea
The only chorister
Forever wilt thou be.

The grandeur of the ocean swells
Through thee of hidden passion tells,
They might of thee aver,
Their only chorister.

By day or night alone
Thou wanderest, music bringer!
Heard is thy unseen tone
Though highest trees, through lowliest
leas,

Where wakest thou wondrous melodies.
Thou art a generous singer,
Oh tireless music-bringer!

Thou poet uncontrolled!
Thou ageless singer of song!
Never fitly extolled,
Only to God who thy breath hath blown,
Are the whole of thy marvellous mysteries
known.
To Him thou dost belong,
Thou matchless singer of song!

SECURITY

"Underneath are the everlasting arms!"
—Deut. 33-27.

Oh soul, amid vain reasonings at sea,
By doubts storm-tossed, by questions nigh
shipwrecked,
Let this sure anchor thy salvation be,
By this be all voracious billows checked.

It doth not on thy human mind devolve
All questionings thy soul in doubt alarm,
With human reason limited to solve,
Or swelling sea of doubt to render calm.

Far down below the storm, the waters still,
Though thou see'st not their deeply hidden
charms,

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Obey of God through endless time the will;
Neath all there are the everlasting arms.

They thee hold fast, thy little problems too,
Secure from all unseen or seen that harms;
Let go thy doubts! This promise read anew:
“Beneath there are the everlasting arms!”

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

WITHIN the silence of the midnight hours,
We gathered round my mother's sacred bed;
And on her pillow, placed about her head,
Lay all the garden's choicest wealth of flowers,
That by her hand used often to be fed.

And with her waning breath their perfume
mingled,
While our sad hearts so riven sorely bled,
My father's, brother's, own, in sorrow wed.
My father had her garden's flowers singled,
To grace her pillow, of strange blooms in-
stead.

Then when she entered that mysterious valley,
Through which man passing is called dead,
Though Christ through this to heaven's life
hath led;
And when she never more on earth would rally,
Our father to me and my brother said:

"Let us repeat the Shepherd Psalm of David!"

And we thus gathered close about her bed,
As she was passing this together said,
While feet of hers the quiet waters lavèd,
And through the vale of death our God her
led.

Then gone was she almost before we knew it,
Within God's home forever more to dwell.
We felt, we knew, with her that it was well.
And looking on her form we could not rue it,
Though our own loss the after years would
tell.

The peaceful beauty of her earthly leaving
We shall remember all our lifetime long.
For our transition it will make us strong.
And when are we God's summons home receiv-
ing,
May some repeat for us that Shepherd Song!

THE DISTANCE TO HEAVEN

SOMETIMES to-day thy journey will end;
Sometime to-day thy spirit will blend
With that of dear one now waiting at home,
Waiting for thee no more to roam;
To-day, O blessed to-day!

Many, O many an unnumbered mile
Kept thee far absent a tedious while;

But the long distance hath vanished away;
Loved one will welcome thee home to-day.
To-day, O blessed to-day!

Jesus once said to the thief on the cross,
Repent of sinning, and nearing life's loss,
"To-day shall thou Paradise enter and be
Safe in its precincts to-day with me."
To-day, O blessed to-day!

Short was the distance for penitent thief;
Journey to heaven must then be brief.
Heaven cannot be miles many away,
Only the journey that's made in a day,
A day! Just one little day!

Comfort thy soul with this message of cheer;
Heaven assuredly lies very near,
If from the earth to its precincts we may
Journey in only a brief, little day,
A day! A brief little day!

FERNS

MYRIAD, myriad ferns that cluster
O'er the hard, rough, rock-heaped way,
Breathing subtle, restful fragrance
While the loitering breezes play.
And I wonder how is nourished
Life so sweetly frail and fair,
Till with reverence I remember
It is God who grows them there!

TO A MOTH JUST OUT OF ITS
CHRYsalis

Oh thou wondrous subtle thing
Changes from thy wrappings bring,
Thou dost shed thy soft cocoon,
And thy bright wings none too soon
Spread upon the summer air,
Of the month of June the fair!

On this brightest Sabbath morn,
Thou to newer life art born,
Leaving off thy worn-out shell,
Useless now; and so 'tis well.
E'en our earthly eyes can see
It would only hindrance be.

Pink and brown, and gold and blue,
Bounded by a sapphire hue,
Four round windows lattice-laced
In thy wings, by black rings graced,
Such thou art, Oh wondrous moth,
In fair raiment just come forth!

Can the change then be so great,
When we stand at God's great gate?
Will the ugly stains of sin
Drop off ere we enter in?
Shall we leave them far behind
So that none will ever find?

Shall we in each other see
All we ever wished we'd be?

Will for us our hope's ideal
Clothe our souls with life that's real?
Shall we find in us alive
All of good for which we strive?

If the Father hath command,
With so full and lavish hand,
Over thee, once crawling worm,
Bound to cling to something firm,
Surely we have faith that He
Us from sin can then set free.

We may so transformèd be
Beautiful as even thee.
He hath given promise, look,
In His clearly written Book!
Through the blood of Christ, His Son,
Who for us hath pardon won.

Thou hast God's own will obeyed,
For thee chrysalis hast made,
That should cover thee, poor worm,
With a wrapping soft and firm.
And thou didst most truly cling
To this surest covering.

From it thou hast now emerged,
From thy dross forever purged;
And the blood of Christ will bring
Cleansing, yea from everything.
Seek this wrapping, Oh my soul!
Jesus's blood will make thee whole.

So thou mayest one day stand,
Waiting God's desired command
For His gates to let thee in,
Ever free from taint of sin,
Through the love of God's own son,
Who for thee hath pardon won.

We are glad, Oh moth, to see
Wondrous change now wrought in thee;
For it helps us to believe,
As God's promise we receive,
His unfathomable might,
When we find such change in sight.

Go thou lovely untamed thing,
Spread thy perfect untried wing!
All thy transformation seen
Greatest joy to us hath been;
And we thank our God this day
That He formed thee just this way.

SOLATIUM

OVER the infinite ways,
By the paths the stars have trod
Through the silence of measureless days,
Our thoughts turn up to God;
And we know we are understood
By His Infinite Fatherhood.

TO AN EGYPTIAN SCARAB

SCARAB of the ages past!
From some sightless tomb thou hast
Come once more to light of earth,
Found for thee another birth;
Yet thy years full many told,
Centuries thou art so old.

Greenish, turning gray thy hue,
Color of the precious few,
Fifteen hundred years, so long,
Ere the Christ on earth was born.
Was it time when Abram's band
Sojourned in Egyptian land?

Couldest thou deep secrets tell,
Thou hast seen and knowest well?
What the substance of thy tale?
Who their dead did so bewail,
As they put thee in the tomb,
In the narrow, darkened room?

Did some dear heart distant send
Thee to comfort absent friend,
Who then mourned beloved dead,
And thee placed about his head?
Did some sad one at the bier,
Cast thee there with weeping tear?

Beautiful inscription here
On thy face, and full of cheer,
Of Osiris, the good God,

Who on death his foot hath trod,
Vanquished him as one undone,
And for all the conquest won.

In the mystic ages past,
Such the comfort that thou hast
Brought to souls in time of woe,
E're they might the Savior know;
Wonderful, prophetic charm,
Thus the longing soul to calm.

So from out far distant years
Shineth faith to conquer fears,
Faith in life beyond the grave
Faith the soul from death to save,
Faith that e'er undying will
Shine through future ages still.

Go! then Science. Go! O, go!
Faith is true! It must be so!
Hast thou measure of man's soul?
Partest thou the very whole
Of the secrets of his life
With thy penetrating knife?

Nay! They are too deep for thee
E'er to solve the mystery;
Things there are thou canst not see,
Things too deep for even thee.
With thine eyes of keenest sight
See'st thou much, but not all quite.

And the faith in life to be,
And in immortality
Of the better part of man,
Will not die ; it never can,
Till the end of time and earth
Finds, in the eternal, birth.

Then that faith, unmeasured light
Will transform to clearest sight.

THE DAY'S TRANSITION

SOFTLY the twilight enfolding
Kisseth the robe of the day,
While the stars all unseen are beholding,
And soon will night's summons obey.

For the beautiful day is gliding
Into the changeless past.
Say not of its soul unabiding,
“It dieth,—it doth not last.”

It hath but vanished, stealing
Away to the unseen shore;
While the beautiful wealth of its feeling
Liveth in memory’s store.

Of all of our joys the surest,
Are those we really have known ;
And of all of our love the purest,
Is what will dear memory own.

THE SILENT CITY

FROM my highland home two cities I view,
And the contrasts between them are far from
few.

The one of them lies by the ocean's site,
Within sound of the breakers upon the beach;
But no thunder of ocean can ever reach
The other city that rests on a height.

There is many a color with lustrous hue,
The changes of tint are ever new,

In the busy town by the ocean's site;
But the prevalent hue that one's eyes would
greet,
Is the snowy white—of all most meet—
In the silent city upon the height.

There is birth, there is life, so struggle and
woe;

There is toil for the joys that come and go,
In the busy town by the ocean's site;
But there's only a deep, unbroken calm,
With never a wound that asketh balm,
In the silent city upon the height.

And morn by morn the smoke wreaths curl
From the active homes, and factories' whirl,
In the busy town by the ocean's site;
But no industry's incense doth ever arise
And soar toward the blue of the vaulted skies,
In the silent city upon the height.

And every day there is many a sound,
The urgent whistles and bells abound,

In the busy town by the ocean's site;
But there's never a noise, or bustling din
To disturb the quiet that reigns within
The silent city upon the height.

At the eventide the lights flash out,
And the darkness flees in a hasty rout,

In the busy town by the ocean's site;
But to break the gloom of the long, long nights,
Though often I look, I find no lights
In the silent city upon the height.

There is many a spirit, whose mortal life
Was spent in the whirl and constant strife

Of the busy town by the ocean's site,
Who left in passing whence he came,
His broken, weary, worn-out frame
In the silent city upon the height.

And there they rest upon the hill,
Which overlooks, and takes its fill,

From the busy town by the ocean's site;
And our God who provision doth make for His
all,
For the dwellings He lent and the souls He did
call
Will not fail to provide in a way that is right.

THE SOUL AT THE GATES OF SLEEP

A sad soul journeyed to the gates of sleep,
Still tightly clasping cares of weary day,
Each hand upon its close-packed burdens lay;
But he who must the golden gate-way keep,
The angel warder of the land of sleep,
In firmest tones, but kindly, said him "Nay!"
"First must thou those great burdens put
away!"
"No one thus weighted can these bounds o'er
leap!"

So thus shut out, he lingered much dismayed;
But finding David's songs began to read.
In that sweet singer's Psalms he cares forgot;
And all the sadness of his soul allayed,
Without his knowledge from his burdens
freed,
He passed through gates of sleep and knew it
not.

THE FOUNDRY-LIGHTS

From the foundry in the night time
Shine the lights that always burn,
Where the workmen, toiling daily,
Toiling nightly, their bread earn.
As the stars with light unfailing
Unremitting shining learn
So the lights from out the foundry
Even midnight darkness spurn.

Here incessantly with changes
Men may come and men may go;
But the lights will keep on shining
Through their weal, or through their woe.
Of life's bitter, of life's sweetness
Much do they observant know,
Those impellant lights, impartial,
Watching o'er the workmen so.

By their beams to work responsive
Men have toiled for love's sweet sake,
Toiled in gladness, toiled in sorrow,
When their hearts were nigh to break;
Toiled for some exalted loved one,
Toiled a cherished home to make;
Toiled, when crushed with weight of sorrow
Hoping thus would grief forsake.

Some have heard the summons upward,
Guarded by those sentry-lights,
Have obeyed the call impressive
In the dark of mystic nights,
While their fellows gathered round them
Looked with awe upon the sights,
Mourning doom so accidental,
That deprived them of earth's rights.

Still will shine through joys and sorrows
Constant gleam of foundry's strife,
On the path of life's to-morrows,
Where is industry most rife, .

Industry that heals the soreness
 Of the wounds of human life,
Industry, the wise physician,
 With omnicient, fending knife.

And those lights thus sending outward
 Countless gleams into the dark,
Giving even in the midnight
 Unremittant, tireless spark,
Guiding into labor's haven
 Man's unanchored, wandering bark,
While men vanish, while men follow,
 Boon of earthly life will mark.

THE MEMORIAL ROSE OF MAY

O, THE first rose of summer!
 It bloomed in the month of May,
And breathed out its comforting fragrance
 Upon Memorial Day.
Then we with joy beholding,
 Carried the rose away,
In tender hands enfolding,
 On our dear one's grave to lay.

Fragrant of the love she bore us,
 Her dear unfailing care,
The sweetness of her blest memory,
 And all the love we bear,

Amid the grasses growing
Upon her grave that day,
With loving prayer we laid it,
The Memorial Rose of May!

PICTURES FROM MY WINDOWS

O, THOSE pictures from my windows,
Ever old, yet ever new,
Living pictures, nature's canvas
Keepeth fresh with heaven's dew!
Fair, blue hill tops, dim and distant,
Beckon to the unattained.
Greener foreground suggests blessings
That have been already gained.

Waters sparkling with the sun-gleams,
Through the brightest hours of light;
Or awakened by the moon-beams
From the silent sleep of night.
Distant islands, harbors, havens,
Where the ships come sailing home,
Over lonely, vanquished waters,
Where they oft are forced to roam.

Busy city's incense rising
Vaporous across the sky;
And its homes, close-nestling, restful,
Where from toil its laborers fly.

Over all such wealth of heaven,
Deepening with sapphire blue,
Or veiled now by mystic cloud shapes,
Restfully with softer hue.

Even while my muse is singing,
Comes a mist across the sky.
Vanish all the distant hill-tops!
Wrapt in mystery they lie.
And the waters darken, shadowed
With the mood of heaven's tears,
In a sympathy unfailing,
Through all time's unnumbered years.

Viewed from out my other window
In peace the silent city lies,
The city whose inhabitants
All have journeyed toward the skies,
Leaving there their worn-out wrappings
As the moths and butterflies
Shed chrysalides and cocoons,
And on new-born wings arise.

Thickly wooded the near hillsides
Robed in restful, summer green,
Or for autumn's late-won bridal
Decked with tints of glowing sheen.
And the Gray Ledge garden's pictures
Richest colors often grow,
Baffling tints that artist's fingers
By long practice learn to know.

Fair the evening, from my window
I see myriad, myriad lights,
From the cities, harbors, islands,
From the star-light heaven's heights;
But the Silent City's precincts
Send out no responsive gleams;
In the dark of shrouding shadows,
Mine of mysteries it seems.

In the winter, snow-wrapt hillsides,
Sun-lit, moon-lit vigil keep,
Sentinels that never moving
Watch there o'er the life asleep.
Ice-crowned waters, trackless pathways,
Till comes forceful hand of man,
To utility in service
Spoileth beauty all he can.

Rare loved pictures from my windows
Song cannot their worth descrie.
Power e'en of greater poets
They will evermore defy.
Soul of mine drink deep their beauty!
Solace to thy cares they give.
Paint them on thy memory's canvas,
In thy heart they long shall live!

TO A STAR

O thou star at yonder height,
Eager eye of sentient night,
Countless ages hast thou been
Gazing there! What hast thou seen?
Didst thou view this strange, round earth
When it had mysterious birth?

Hast thou seen the earth grow cooled
From the heat of fire that ruled?
Hast thou viewed great continents
Rise from sea, and chasms' rents,
When the mountains were uphurled,
And their rock-capped crests unfurled?

Hast thou seen with time earth grow,
Dost thou all its ages know?
And the beasts and birds and trees,
Hast thou viewed the birth of these?
Hast thou seen the race of men
First on earth, and those since then?

Didst thou watch through countless days
Variations of men's ways?
See them come and see them go
Through the stealthy ages slow?
See the conquests by them won,
And the work they left undone?

All the wars by men were waged
In the times when they enraged

Sought an end supreme to gain,
Be it boon or be it bane,
Hast thou seen, and heroes lie
On the battle-field and die?

All the great discoveries,
As with joy man makes them his,
All the great inventions rise,
Dost thou see as men devise
For their service something new,
That for them will earth subdue?

And we call thee “little” star,
Just because we can not far
Within heaven’s vastness see
What thy greatness all may be.
Foolish we thee thus to rate,
Distant star, thou art so great!

Great art thou in many ways,
In thy sum of countless days,
In thy vision’s time-tried sight,
In the distance that thy light
Travels fast through miles of space,
In its magic speed of race.

Great art thou in wondrous laws
Underlying, the prime cause,
With thine own obedience,
Never failing, to them, whence
Keepest thou unharmed thy place
In the worn world’s rapid pace.

Often what we "little" call
Hath a might surpassing all,
As a germ of dread disease
Power hath, naught can appease,
All unseen by naked sight,
Yet possessed of untold might.

So should we with care not spurn,
That which little sight may earn
From our eyes; since by its own
Wondrous vision may be known.
Knowest thou far more than we;
Countless years thou yet shalt see.

After our short day is spent
Will to thee be seeing lent
By great God who placed thee there,
Wondrous star, who art so fair!
Sights thou yet in years shalt see
Would this night were given me!

Shine then, eye of sentient night!
Ever clearer grow thy sight!
Be thou to men now unborn,
When all we from earth have gone,
Sign that God doth arbitrate,
By whose power thou art great!

SAFETY

FOLLOW the ebbing tide
 Out to the wide
Expanse, where the sea mosses hide.
Amid the rock-bound pools
 The ocean rules,
And inward flowing cools,
Thou wilt see the sea mosses grow,
 And then wilt know
They depend on the tide's ebb and flow.
How frail they are and fair,
 Growing there
Like a maiden's delicate hair!

There comes a furious storm
 Surpassing the norm,
Of wildest destructive form.
The foaming billows dash,
 And fiercely lash;
Against the rocks they crash!
A ship to ruin it drives
 With human lives,
A throng! Not one survives!
Ah what of human hand
 Can withstand
Such fierceness of command?

After the billows recede
 Thou dost proceed

To view the results of the deed.
For the mosses thou art alarmed;
 But they unharmed
Are safe in the pool becalmed.
How could such frailty survive,
 Come forth alive
From a storm to death would drive?
To the steadfast rocks they cling,
 Each fragile thing,
And thence their safety they bring.

“The foundation of God standeth sure.”
 It is no poor
Rock to which to moor.
Though the waters engulf and hide,
 It will abide.
Thou wilt find so at ebb of tide.
Oh cling to the rock of thy trust!
 Only thus thou must
Resist each subversive thrust.
The faith of thy childhood’s day
 Through life obey!
It is the one safe way.

HERE AND HEREAFTER

UNAPPRECIATED? Yes, man’s finite mind
 Too small to grasp
The vastness of the work begun,
The grandness of the labor done,
 The toil for the Master accomplished.

Unappreciated? No, God's boundless love
 Too full to pass
The smallness of the task fulfilled,
The meanness of the pasture tilled,
The field for the Master made ready.

Unappreciated? Yes, the world's full ear
 Too dull to hear
The sobbing of the mourner stilled,
The sighing of the thirsty filled,
The cry to the Master directed.

Unappreciated? No, the ear of God
 Failed not to hear
The struggling of the soul in prayer,
The sighing of the worker there,
Where toil for the Master seemed useless.

Unappreciated? No, on that great day
 When face to face
God's loving children view their Lord,
Christ's faithful followers find His word
Fulfilled in the heavenly kingdom.

Full appreciation then most true, most sure,
 From God Himself
The weary toiler will receive;
The faithful worker cease to grieve,
Through eternity's endless extension.

AIBONITO.

AIBONITO, land of mine,
Round my heart thy joys entwine,
Shore whose far projecting edge
Bordered is by firm, gray ledge.
On one part the waters reach,
Full the tide the pebbly beach.

Aibonito, lot of mine,
Round thee changeful waters shine;
Glow with rosy tint of dawn;
Sparkle neath the sun of morn;
Purple with the evening born;
Darken with the night forlorn.

Aibonito, place of mine,
Fairest name I thee assign.
When to Porto Rico came
Spaniards, gave they this fair name,
“Oh thou beautiful!” they said,
By the rare enchantment led.

Aibonito, land of mine,
Such thy name and such thy sign.
O thou spot surpassing fair,
Wonder I to find thee there!
Little plot of mother earth,
Great the joy through thee hath birth!

Aibonito, shore of mine,
I thy name this day define.

With the glistening waters' flow
Thou thy christening rite shalt know,
Waters, fresh from ocean's wave,
That thy sea-girt confines lave.

Aibonito, charm of mine,
Rare the view from thy shore line ;
Fronting thee a mountain range,
Rich in lights of constant change,
Riseth o'er green foreground's wiles,
Facing blue of distant isles.

Aibonito, land of mine,
Fragrant of the spruce and pine,
Of the aromatic fir
Rich in balsam and in myrrh.
Here the winds free service yield,
Wafting fragrance o'er the field.

Aibonito, rest of mine,
Rich in joys my soul refine !
Here the deep resounding sea
Singeth sweetest songs to me.
Here the winds a tuneful lyre
Mid the tree-tops oft acquire.

Aibonito, solace mine,
Often I removèd pine
For my clump of fair, white birch,
Where alone I musing search
For the secrets deep of life,
Here apart from jarring strife.

Aibonito, land of mine,
Let me not thy joys resign,
While the strength of youth remains,
While my heart thy love contains.
Be thou my secure retreat,
Where I find communion sweet.

Aibonito, place of mine,
Song cannot thy worth confine ;
Such the riches I have found
In thy treasure-store abound.
Here to nature in recourse,
I am led to God the source.

Aibonito, lot of mine,
Thou a token art, a sign,
Of a shore yet far more fair,
Earth surpassing, all things there.
In that land, through Jesus' grace,
May we hold eternal place !

SUNSET

OVER the hills, the beautiful hills,
The sun a wooing goes ;
And every cloud with rapture thrills,
And blushes as the rose ;
The little frills, the fairy frills
Of eyes of blossoms close ;
And many a green leaf folding wills
In sympathy to doze.

THE SONGS OF THE PEBBLES

By the shore of the tireless, turbulent ocean,
Where the sea rolls the rocks in a wild, weird
commotion,

We walked in companionship sweet, one glad
day,

My fond father and I while the sea-foam was
draping

The gray rocks that for years the great sea-
waves were shaping,

Incessantly wearing all roughness away.

And we gathered the stones all so wondrously
rounded,

By the hard knocks that came through the years
they were pounded,

And rattled and rolled by the tireless sea ;
To whose matchless persistence and unmoved
insistence

They had offered no scarring or marring re-
sistence,

Most perfect in character coming to be.

Here were types of life's discipline, bringing
ejection

Of the flaws in man's character, and the perfec-
tion,

By grace of the Infinite Father, our God,

Of man's soul, and its heaven-born, spiritual
powers,
If the path of his life with its pain-bringing
hours,
Submissively trusting in God, he hath trod.

From the many round stones by the ocean per-
fected,
Fully four of the fairest my father selected,
That they a remembrance of loved ones might
be,
My dear mother, my sister, for years we've
been missing,
My dear brother, myself; and each pebble then
kissing,
He threw all with eagerness into the sea.

And he said as he left them with sea-waves to
mingle:
"Now for years let them rattle and roll in the
shingle,
And play just the tunes unto which they are
keyed!"
Then I, too, a fair stone from its fellows up-
lifted,
And for him with a kiss and with fond wishes
gifted
It flew from my hand with the swift sound of
speed.

Those pebbles there rolling in wave-changed
position,
At the touch of the wind who is nature's musi-
cian,
Who playeth his harp the melodious main,
With the music of ever re-echoing ocean,
In deep tones of tides of his unchecked emotion
Love's songs will commingle again and again.

CONTENTMENT

Not defeated, still undaunted,
Tread thy journey through.
He who placed thee in the struggle
All thy soul's need knew.

Just the spot where He had placed thee,
Thou wilt find was best.
Give the present all thine effort;
Leave with God the rest.

THE SECRET OF THE POOL

Thou pensive pool that returneth
When hath passed the ruffling breeze
The deep, decumbent shadows
Of music-murmurous trees,
Help us to learn thy secret
When whirls life's winnowing wind,
And gleams of heaven's pureness
Reflect from ministrant mind.

GILMANTON

A BEAUTIFUL land I know
Where ferns unnumbered grow,
The wild, red lilies blow;
And Lydian, low,
In serene, secluded nooks,
The sauntering, slumberous brooks
With songs o'er flow.

Full many a hill o'er looks,
From off whose cambering crown
Upon no turbulent town
One gazeth down,
But Nature fetterless,
Who smoothes with soft caress
Man's fervent frown.

One looks with awed amaze
On heights in soft, blue haze
Enwrapped,
That stretch out tier on tier,
Some darker hued and near,
Some dimly distant, sheer,
Cloud-capped.

Flavorous laylands lie
The winding road-ways by,
Breeze-blown.
One wanders unafeard
Through many a gauzy glade,

With aromatic shade
O'er grown.

A wealth of water-ways
One's rambling search repays,
And oft his steps delays.

Sweet strains are there
Of bird or insect drone,
Or songs unsung, in tone
Than these more fair.

Such is the land I know
Where ferns unnumbered grow,
And wild, red lilies blow ;
And though
One constant tribute bring,
Fresh songs will Nature sing,
New beauties show.

SHADES

O LITTLE pool begirdled
With woven weftage of pine,
And myriad ferns incumbent
Upon thy low incline,
It rests my soul—I know not how—
In thy calm depths to see,
Not the realities of things,
But shades of sky and cloud and tree!

JACKSON FALLS

FROM its home among the hillsides,
From its source upon the slopes,
Rushing down with eager vigor,
Bounding on with buoyant hopes,
Skips the untamed Wild Cat River;
Doeth its enchanting feats;
Falling down the rocks at Jackson,
Tumbling by the village streets,
Till it meets its loved companion,
Till it ends its lonely fall,
Joining then Glen Ellis River,
Near the site of Wentworth Hall.

By the side of Wentworth Castle,
Near its towers, tall and fair,
One beholds an artist's vision,
One doth see a picture rare.
Standing on the rocks around which
Play the water's harmonies,
Where the deep-toned, yearning torrent
Speaks in Nature's psalmodies;
Looking down the river's pathway,
Gazing through 'twixt east and west,
One beholds, in dim, blue outline,
Fair Moat Mountain's distant crest.

Round its base the nearer hilltops,
Robed in tints of warm, dark green,

Woods and meadows rich with verdure,
Cluster 'neath the skies blue sheen;
And the living, moving picture,
 Witching ear, and eye, and heart,
Hath a frame no mortal maker
 Can produce with all his art.
Rich, bright maples edge that landscape,
 Border it with glorious tints,
Mingled greens of summer's robes,
 Autumn's red and golden glints.

THE BIRTH OF A POEM

As I awoke in the morning
 To meet the demands of the day,
The spirit of fatigue o'ercame me,
 And took all my courage away.

Then came the thought of a blossom,
 I had seen the day before,
Upspringing within my garden,
 And all the meaning it bore.

And from my heart enchanted
 With gladness, there was born,
To fall from my lips persuasive
 The beauteous blossom's song.

Upon my tired body
 Its rare enchantment lay;
And all the burden of weariness,
 By its birth was carried away.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

THE sun, in the language of Grecian story,
His winged couch had sought.

The light clouds blushing in roseate glory
With his farewell kisses were fraught.

The sea from the sportive wind at rest
Scarcely a ripple showed.

O'er the purple mountains from foot to crest
The charm of twilight flowed.

The constant cricket upon the shore,
Amid the dry, brown grass,
Poured chirp after chirp from his unfailing
store,

Allowing no moment to pass.
From the happy bird in his downy nest
A soft, sweet music fell;
And the notes that came from his feathery
breast

Were under the twilight spell.

The busy bee was taking his rest,
The sturdy, noisy rover,
He had found him a fragrant, winsome nest,
Deserting the folded clover.

So, fast asleep on a wild rose's face
He had his evening bower.

All nature showed in living grace
The charm of the twilight hour.

The wan moon shone with a faint, soft, light,
O'er shore and mountain and bay.
She needed the deepening dark of night
To show her remembrance of day.
Across the bay no harbor lights
Glowed 'neath the mountain's brow,
Familiar, welcome, cheering sights
In the gloom of the night I trow.

I sat me down near the water's edge,
And watched the twilight grow,
On sea and mountain, and sky and sedge,
With increase silent and slow.
As the twilight deepened to early night,
From the moon came a radiance fair,
On the sombre water in silver light
Her path was pictured there.

Then one by one the stars came out,
With ever brighter light,
As slumbering earth was wrapt about
With darkness of restful night.
From over the water the harbor gleams
Their welcome radiance shed,
To ships in the dark, bright beckoning beams,
A signal of comfort ahead.

Thus o'er me came with unwonted power,
As I sat in the stillness there,
The lesson of the twilight hour:

How contrast hath its share;
How all through life—we need but look—
The unloved hath its use,
Clearly written in an open book;
It deserveth not abuse.

The sweetest music may come in the night,
In an hour hushed and still.
There is need of the dark to bring the light,
And a place for its radiance to fill.
We need to part to long to meet,
To toil to appreciate rest,
So taste of the bitter to understand sweet;
For the lessons of contrast are best.

CLARIFIED VISION

Hast thou not, as years have passed thee,
Cast sometimes a backward glance
On some trial that, when present,
Thou didst view with look askance,
And hast seen in light of future
It did thy best good enhance?

Let this be to thee assurance,
As thy years on earth will go,
That in life beyond the earthly
Thou with certain view shalt know,
Of each trial that beset thee,
It was always better so.

ABEGWEIT

ISLE with verdant color bright,
Indian-christened Abegweit,
Cradled on St. Lawrence wave,
Whose blue waters round thee lave,
Like the new moon in thy shape,
Crescent-curved from cape to cape,

All thy vegetation seen
Is of vivid, emerald green,
Stretching onward to the sea,
Whose fair bride it seems to be,
As it comes to keep its tryst,
Where the waters kiss in mist.

Land whose fair and fertile soil
Yieldeth unto faithful toil
Products rich that have their birth
In the bright, red, sandy earth,
Rich in restful, rural life,
Thou hast none of city strife.

Here fair fields of greenest wheat
Constantly the eye will greet;
And of other ripening grain,
Waving like the billowed main.
Here the fragrant new-mown hay
Perfumes oft the traveler's way.

On thy soil the clover heads
Find the road-sides their safe beds.

Oft the aromatic spruce,
With the woodman having truce,
Soughing shades the red highway
From the sun's resplendent ray.

Here the happy pastured kine,
Gladly in their fields recline ;
And the gentle, trusting sheep,
Undisturbed, their gambols keep,
Needing not the shepherd's hand,
In this peaceful, level land.

Beautiful Prince Edward Isle !
Where the summer sunbeams smile,
Tempered by the cool, sea breeze,
Waking music from the trees,
By the Micmac Indians named
“Floating Beauty,” then so famed.

With his arms the saltant sea
So embraces loving thee,
He doth give thee of bright bays,
And of witching water-ways,
An unstinted, surplus share,
On thy waves thy loved to bear.

On the north thy shore uplifts
Terra cotta crags, whose rifts
Joined by red and sandy beach,
To the foaming breakers reach,
Or high banks of sandy dunes,
Rolled by tides of many moons.

"Garden of the Gulf," the name
Won by thy fast growing fame.
Anchored on the restless sea
Seemèd thou to those to be,
Indians, who "Epagweit"
Named thee with poetic sight.

When the ice-king would enfold
Thee as bride, in claspings cold,
Thy loved sons his might subdue;
And to main land's shore anew
With brave hearts their passage make,
As with boats the ice they break.

They who here have had their birth
Love thee as their mother earth;
And to strangers viewing thee
Beautiful thou seem'st to be,
Island with the Northern site,
Indian-christened Abegweit.

A POEM'S COST

SOME verses are a poet's life,
Find birth through throbs of pain,
Memorials of the battle-strife,
His loss turned thus to gain.

Ye read and love the poet's mind,
And feel the power therein.
Be this not all. Nay, in them find
Some strength through pain to win.

THE RAIN

Who is this that poundeth, poundeth
On my window pane?

Who incessant, tireless soundeth,
Soundeth his refrain

Yet again?

And in spite of all his sounding,
All his energetic pounding,
Is the impulse vain,
All in vain?

Vain if seeking for admission
Consistently to gain,
Through pellucid, thin partition
Of my window pane.

Tis the rain,
That for vantage of position
Seeketh vainly abolition
Of my window pane
To obtain.

'Tis the rain, the soul of ocean,
The impulse of the main,
That with his incessant motion
Impetuous would arraign
My domain.

Such is his devotion
To the non-compliant notion,
Of the mystic reign
Of the main.

'Tis the soul of sea translated
 Into sobbing rain.
'Tis the impulse long hath waited
 Of the throbbing main.
 He hath lain
In the folds of fields belated,
Fallow fields, with impulse freighted
 Of the impetuous main,
 That could not wane.

Freed by harrows from his prison,
 Ocean's soul again,
Leaving fields to parch and wizen
 Is to seek the main
 Ever fain.
His expansive soul arisen,
With purpose lacking no precision,
 The misty clouds contain
 All in vain.

And tumultuous downward dashing,
 Heard through window pane,
Against every barrier crashing,
 Comes the tumultuous rain,
 Yet again.
And the impulse of his dashing,
Yea, through many a barrier thrashing,
 Will at last attain
 Its home, the main.

He hath come from heart of forest,
Which, Oh wind, thou dost constrain
When through trackless woodlands roarest
Thou, in loud refrain
Thy wild complain,
As thy weirdsome way thou borest
Bearing often, when thou soarest,
The mistiness of main
Thy wings contain.

From the meads by sun uplifted,
And the fertile plain—
That with moisture much was gifted
Through the wild wind's train,
From sea's domain—
Cometh in the mists that drifted,
By wind impulse changeful shifted,
Unto earth the rain,
Sea's soul again.

There is all the palpitation
That doth appertain
To the hearts whose consternation
In the stormy main
Finds death a gain
Merciful, meet mitigation,
Yea, forever full cessation
One should not arraign,
Of earthly pain.

And their souls thus unincumbered
Have gone to God again;
But in depths of ocean lumbered,
Where the seas complain
 In deep refrain,
Weary bodies long have slumbered,
Where waste sailors all unnumbered,
 That in tempests' reign
 The waves distract.

And the impulse of heart beating
 Can only God ordain,
With His throbs of ocean meeting
 In His deep domain,
 Will yet maintain,
Though energy's manifest forms are fleeting,
Their infinite circles n'er completing,
 Long as seas complain,
 Its endless reign.

And for aye the palpitation
 Of the tireless main,
Finding all the mitigation
 Of prodigious pain
 Ever vain,
Will have lavish illustration,
In the swift precipitation
 Of the sobbing rain,
 He doth entrain.

SLEEP

BEAUTIFUL, mystical Sleep!

Thy vigil keep!

Waft me away from the fears that alarm me;
Lead me in safety from thoughts that would
harm me;

Soothe me and calm me;

Gently embalm me

In unresisting rest!

Lest

When, Oh blest Angel of Sleep,

The shades grow deep,

All of the hurts of the day that have worn me,
United, revisit and pitiless scorn me;

Hast thou not borne me,

Where naught can thorn me,

In realms of thine a guest.

Out of the dark of the night

O come till light

Kissing mine eyelids shall painless awake me,
Unto the morn for which thou dost remake me!

Then pray forsake me

While I betake me

To mine appointed task!

Ask

I of thee this, Oh thou Sleep,

My sorrows keep.

88 The Garden of Gray Ledge

Unto the land of my dream-joys allure me;
Here of the truth of fond fancies assure me;
Strength thus procure me;
So shalt thou cure me
When in their beams I bask.

Oh thou most wonderful sleep,
Where dost thou reap
Herbs for the touch of thy healing, physician,
Magical wands for illusions, magician,
Filling thy mission
By abolition
Of cares for toiling men?
Then
Giving them fancies to keep
So dear, Oh Sleep!
Regretful are they that thy vigil is ending,
Sweetest of dream-joys so ruthlessly rending.
They would be spending
Time without ending
Within thy blessed ken.

Ministering angel of sleep,
When down the steep
Slope of this life is man wearily wending,
Findeth he thee his long journey befriending,
All of its ending
Carefully tending,
He touch of thine awaits.

Prates,
After thy coming, Oh Sleep,
 So sound, so deep,
Many an one that 'tis death doth appall him;
Master him; chain him; forever enthrall him!
 God who doth call him
Thee lets befall him;
 He rests within thy gates!

THE OAT FIELD

WAVING field of tasseled oats,
 Nodding in the summer breeze,
While the music through it floats
 Of the wind from off the leas!
Dainty bells of white-tipped green
 Ringing whispers sweet and low,
Above sheaves of brightest sheen,
 Where the summer blossoms blow!

Fairy sea of waving grain,
 Sailed by never mortal boat!
O'er its peaceful, happy main
 Only wingèd insects float,
Singing with the sibilant sea,
 In harmonious, happy hum,
Songs of sweet serenity,
 Till the harvest day shall come.

A POET'S THOUGHT

A LITTLE thought set sail one day
From the port of a poet's heart away
Upon the sea of life.

It was wafted as airy, fairy, seed
From fully ripened blossom freed,
In wingèd fruitage rife.

The poet's heart, not young nor old,
Did seeds of mellowed harvest hold
From blossoms of his soul,
Perfected by life's sun and rain,
And storms that came again and again
To mature at last the whole.

And the little thought with its fairy sails,
So delicate, yet staunch for gales,
To service sweet was brought.
From the resting place of a printed page,
That could not that thought's impulse cage,
It storm-tossed mariners sought.

It rescued many on life's sea,
Who might unaided shipwrecked be;
But they clung to this ship of thought.
Blest of God again and again
It saved sad sailors on life's main,
And brought them safe to port.

And that little thought, though the poet went
Beyond the sea on which he sent

It forth to roam at will,
Braving the bursts of many a gale,
With rudder sound, and untattered sail,
Is saving seamen still.

RIPENESS FOR SONG

As fall petals from wild roses
That have reached maturity,
Gently loosened from their claspings,
By the kiss of wind o'er lea,

So the songs from souls of poets,
Tender by the touch of time,
Dropping freely at life's pressure,
Yield the sweetness of their rhyme.

Fall the petals not till loosened
From the claspings of their birth;
And the songs will never flutter,
Till the poet feels life's worth.

MEMORIES

LIKE serene and soundless shadows
Of tuneful trees and clouds and sky
Mirrored in unruffled waters,
Are the shades of joys gone by,
Realities that time hath softened,
Memories that changeless lie.

ACCORDING TO THINE OMNIPOTENCE

Jesus lead me as thou seest,
Not as I may think I see.
All paths are by Thine omniscience
Seen in their entirety.
When my path with thorns is fretting,
Or dark shadows dim the way,
Help me all the pain forgetting,
Thy loved guidance to obey.

Jesus help me as Thou knowest,
Not as I may think I know.
All things to Thine infinite vision
There real nature plainly show.
When doth crookedness abhorrent,
Which I cannot render straight,
Seem my soul's distress to warrant,
Help me hand of thine await.

Jesus save me as thou savest;
No one else can ever save.
Unto Thine omnipotence
Long ago myself I gave.
Work in me my soul's redemption,
For which thou didst give Thy life.
Grant to me at last exemption
From the curse of sinful strife.

Jesus keep me as Thou keepest
All the Father giveth Thee.
Shepherd of the sheep Thou savest,

Jesus always shepherd me.
Through that strange, mysterious portal,
 Gateway to eternity,
Through which passeth every mortal,
 Sometime safely lead Thou me.

MY ICELAND SPAR

A gem have I of wondrous hue
 Uncommon among men;
In some lights just a dull, dark blue,
 And all unnoticed then.

But let the light my Iceland spar
 To its perfection bring;
And then its gleams will shine afar,
 A wondrous, beauteous thing.

A blue so deep, so bright, so true,
 I can but rarely find;
It hath its own unrivaled hue
 Peculiar to its kind.

Some characters methinks there are
 That all unlovely seem,
Until, as from my Iceland spar,
 You catch the precious gleam.

A gleam so many people miss,
 Who see but just one part,
And who in passing fail in this,
 To know the dear, true heart.

THE COMING OF THE NATIONS

By F. T. and C. W. HAZLEWOOD

God is sending now the peoples
 By the millions to our shores.
They are coming from all nations,
 They are knocking at our doors.
Shall we send the Gospel message
 To the lands beyond the seas,
And neglect the heathen with us
 Who have needs as great as these?

Many ships that make our harbors
 Bring to us benighted souls,
Who are seeking our loved nation
 Just to gain sin-darkened goals.
Oh my brothers! there is danger
 In the coming of this tide,
If we rise and toil not quickly
 That God's presence still abide.

Some there are who seek our nation
 Not for sordid pelf or gain;
They have felt the hope of freedom
 From oppression's galling chain.
Come then brothers, let us greet them
 With the gospel that sets free,
Wins allegiance unto Jesus,
 To Him only bows the knee.

It is God who in past ages
Hath controlled the tides of men;
And our God, in His high heaven
Hath control to-day as then.
It is God who calls his children
With command both loud and clear:
“Haste, O haste, my faithful workers,
I have sent the heathen here!”

MY MOTHER'S ROCKING CHAIR

THERE is one chair of all within the home
Which I would part with last.
It is my angel mother's rocking chair
Where she in days long past,
When with the weight of childhood's griefs to
bear
I fled unto her arms,
Would hold and soothe, and keep me shielded,
safe
From all the world's alarms.

A sense of quiet comfort lingers yet
About the small, brown chair;
And often when sore burdened, sad, oppressed,
I go for refuge there.

Then mem'ry brings unto my longing heart
The thought of childhood's days,
And mother's tireless, sympathizing care,
Her tender loving ways.

How slipped the sorrow from my childish soul
When mother rocked me there,
And often laid her own, dear loving hand
Upon my tumbled hair!

A type is here of God's sure promises,
Upon which we may lean
Whenever weary with the burden's weight,
Or sorrow's knife is keen.

"As one his mother comforteth, so will
I comfort you. (Like them)
Ye shall be comforted (not far away
But) in Jerusalem." *Isaiah 66:13.*

SNOW FLAKES

To eastward, to westward, to northward, to
southward
Down from the plains of the sky,
Are falling the beautiful, fugitive feathers
From the wings of the angels on high.

Hither and thither by wind of the winter
Downward they flutter and fly,
Seeming to bring by their wondrous perfection
Heaven to mortals more nigh.

How countless their numbers and intricate fig-
ures!
No two just alike can I see;
And I think as I view them in purity falling
How many the angels must be!

THE WAITING LYRE

I KEEP the lyre ready;
I know not when may strike
 Its chords attunèd, waiting
Some strain to all unlike
 Of those that antedating,
 Its chords have made resound.

Perchance from the dim distance
 Of shore where songs abound,
My lyre with right resistance
 May catch the soft, sweet sound.

Perchance its floating measures
 May gently yield their treasures,
To lyre attunèd, ready,
With no chord left unsteady,
 To make the wrong rebound.

So lies my lyre near me;
And yet sometimes I fear me
 The sweetest strains come nigh me,
And softly floating by me,
 My spirit lacks the fire
 To love's self doth belong,
The fire such strains require
 To woo them from the lyre
 And wreath them into song.
So let my heart be tender,
 Tender as a child's,
That it may ever render

A love without resistance
To songs that have existence,
In nature's untamed wilds.

THE SINGING OF THE TREES

The glad trees are singing to-day
Sweet songs all bewitched by the breeze.
There are birch trees, and fir trees and sumach,
And many another with these.
The birch trees are swaying and dancing
In the joyance of jubilant glee;
And dear is the note of their triumph
The wood-winds are wafting to me.

The points of their leaves' serate edges
Touch often as gently they kiss,
And again softly sighing part quickly,
As sometimes their contact they miss.
The sumachs, with feather-crowned branches
Of pliable, prasinous plume,
To join in the song's exultation,
Most musical motions assume.

The pine trees, tall, stately and soundful,
Respond to the strenuous breeze;
Their cone-crownèd, fasicled branches
Give music of mystical keys.
So sweet is the trees' subtle singing,
In the life-giving breeze of to-day,
That it charms all by soul with its gladness,
And banishes cares far away.

THE PLANTATION SPRING

WHERE the dogwood mid the thicket
Drops white banners on the ground;
And the coral honey-suckle
Wreathes red trumpets all around;
Where the fair, blue myrtle creepeth,
And the drowsy insect sleepeth
Neath the constant sun,
There upon the old plantation,
Ceaseless, tireless in pulsation,
Sings the southern spring.

Circled by the old, rock coping
Whose gray stones the fern-fronds grace,
By a square of rock surrounded
Where green mosses interlace,
At each throbbing of its singing
It is pure, white sand upflinging,
Making the foul depart,
Never by its constant bubbling
The worn earth with baseness troubling
Pouring forth its heart.

Find, Oh soul, here inspiration
From the bubbling of the spring.
Sing of the eternal sweetness
To be found in God's completeness,
And the goodness of the whole.

THE RIVER OF THOUGHT

FROM round the shores of time to eternity
brought

There flows a deep, a constant, silent stream
Whose waters in life's sunlight often gleam
With wisdom of the many ages, caught
From pains and joys of those who loved and
fought,

And sometimes of far heights beyond did
dream,
And would by struggling toward them sloth
redeem.

It is the never ending river of thought.

Fear not to add thy mite in this thy day.

What wave shall gleam and when, and who
shall see,
And who through thy thought greater thought
may find

And add to that far flowing widening way
It is not thine to know. Thy part to be.
'Tis God alone doth know who giveth mind.

